

DRAMATIC AND LYRIC

Bounding Up the New York Theatres.

THE COMING OF EDWIN BOOTH.

I. W. Baird's Minstrels—"Tis True 'Tis Pity"—Dramatic and Lyric Gossip.

Baird's Minstrels drew but fair houses yesterday afternoon and evening. They leave this afternoon for the west. The theatre will remain closed until the 12th, when Booth opens for a season of four nights.

Following Booth, and close upon the heels of the travelling, comes the Carleton Opera Company. The genial proprietor has had immense success in San Francisco. Among the other new to Salt Lake, to be produced by Carleton during his season here, will be Erminie, the greatest sensation, and which has created a furore in San Francisco.

New York, March 26th, 1887.

What would be the first and most natural thought of a crowd of young sight-seers seeing New York for the first time—all of whom were ardent worshippers at Thalia's temple, and the greater part of whom were members of a crack amateur society? What but the theatres? To the theatres then our party turned with a common impulse, as soon as our feet were planted on metropolitan soil, and looking up and down the crowded movement columns of the Herald and World we luxuriated with the feelings of the epicure, over the feast of fat things from which we merely had to make out choice.

That was eight days ago and in those eight days we have done thirteen or fourteen theatres, and sometimes a run from one theatre to another in the same night—when the show at the first was not sufficiently tempting—enabling us to double up. We were fortunate in seeing New York in a prosperous season, when several events were "on," which have not been equalled for brilliancy and strong success for years past. The most magnificent of all was surely

THE OPERA OF NERO

performed at the great Metropolitan, by Mrs. Thurber's widely advertised National Opera Company, successors to the American. The spectacle of a full dress audience in this house; the three immense rows of boxes filled with the low-necked, short-sleeved, diamond bespangled families of Vanderbilt, Sage, Gould, Hilton, Van Rensselaer and the hundreds of other millionaires who went in to build this great temple of the art; the electric lights blinding everywhere; the spade tails flying on all hands, the heavy incense of flowers—is one in itself worth the \$2 it cost to glare down from the fourth gallery above. When to this is added the sight of Theodore Thomas, waving his baton over seventy musicians in the orchestra, the sound of the harmonies they send upward, the sight of 200 richly-dressed people on the stage, sixty of whom form a magnificent ballet, the ocean of sound their voices and the instruments united makes, the sight of such stars stepping to the front as Emma Juch the soprano, and Ludwig the baritone, Myron Whitney the basso, Fessenden and Candius, tenors—all in the same cast—one grows to wonder how much money Mrs. Thurber must have to consume, and how long she will tolerate the drain. Surely no business the company can do will justify the outlay of such a performance as Nero. Thomas himself, they say, receives \$1,000 a week; Locke, the manager, \$700. If the thing is kept up in this proportion down through the artists, the ballet, orchestra and chorus, the total deficit must be something frightful. It is common talk that Mrs. Thurber has already put up \$200,000 on her pet scheme; in return she merely has the gratification of knowing that in no capital of Europe can her production be touched, nor would any manager have the foolhardiness to attempt it. But Thomas and Locke glory in it naturally enough. The National Opera Company go to San Francisco soon, but they will not attempt a stop in Salt Lake city.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I dare not trust myself to reckon how many weeks, night after night, the Taming of the Shrew has been running at Daly's theatre, as the Shrew "Bonny Kate," delightful Ada Rehan has set New York mad, and the house is sold weeks ahead clear up to the roof. The company is the same throughout, as when it created such a deep and lasting impression in Salt Lake several years ago with 7-20-8 and the Passing Regiment. Drew plays Petruchio finely, despite his mortal bone illness—plays it even better than one would suppose of him, but the blazing star, whose effulgence glims almost everything else around it, is Ada Rehan. She obtains a recall after every act, and when she appears, the uproar is so great that by common consent, orchestra, actors and everybody else lay back for a few minutes till the excitement has allayed. Clever James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, Jo Holland, Otto Reiner and Leclerc are all in the company. Mrs. Gilbert is happy to say, will have an opportunity of seeing Daly's company during the summer of 1887. It is not saying too much to state that it is the foremost organization in the world of purely comedy players.

JIM THE PENMAN.

This old friend, on whose merits we in Salt Lake had an opportunity of seeing before it was done here, is the greatest success of Mr. Palmer's long career—not even barring the Two Orphans. Two hundred nights successively—except Sundays—it has run along when the drop in business will warrant. That grand old man Standard, pretty Marie Burroughs, and the beautiful Annie Russell, are all laying their waiting for the time when a play will bring their services into demand. On the night we saw the performance there was the usual crowd back of the walls, an \$1,000 house. Think of the popularity of the play which is worth \$1,100 every night of the year.

Think of the contentment of the manager. Think of the ennu of the players. The cast is much the same as when it was done in Salt Lake, except that Agnes Booth replaces Caroline Hill and that Rajah Pitt enacts Percival instead of Herbert Kelcey; he falls far short of that handsome actor, however; he has no more sentiment in him than a mule. Holland gets a recall every night for his "Damn." Le Moyne is immense as ever as Baron Hardest; Robinson improves on acquaintance, and his Ralston is now greatly liked; Massen and Mand Harrison make a handsome pair of lovers as the stage affords. Next week the whole company runs down to Washington to give the Penman there for the benefit of the Actor's Fund, on Cleveland's invitation—an advertisement for Mr. Palmer, the like of which is unknown in theatrical annals.

A FIRST NIGHT.

It is a great sight to see the first night of a new piece at a well theatre like Wallack's. We had the good fortune to be present at the opening performance of The Dominie's Daughter, an American revolutionary drama by Mr. Lloyd, a New York lawyer; it was a pleasant, but not a great play, and it made sufficient of an impression to warrant calling the author, the scene painter, and the principals before the curtain two or three times. It was curious to note the popularity of the different people engaged. As each made his or her appearance, there was a heavy round of applause, then another, then another; at the end of which the actor bowed and went on with his part. This sort of welcome was extended to everyone from sweet Annie R. to dandy Kyrie Bellew and vigorous H. Robert Kelcey, downward; Kelcey has an unsatisfactory part, a villain all through till the last minute, when he relents and hands the girl over to the man he has schemed for four acts to get her away from. The Dominie's Daughter will go for some time, because it is so well acted, but it is evidently not designed for an extended run.

RUDY GORE.

Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, finely sung, staged, acted and orchestrated, is playing to business at the Fifth Avenue calculated to make its manager's hair turn white in a single night. Gertrude Ulmar, soprano, and Courtice Pounds, tenor, are the particular lights, and are the best Gilbert & Sullivan exponents we have ever seen. Thorne, the New York Ko Ko, is a man as the comedy man in Rudy Gore. If our Spencer ever gave such a performance as Thorne is nightly guilty of, he would be hooted from Denial to Bathsheba. The trouble with Rudy Gore is that it lacks a motive, a *raison d'être*, it can give no good excuse for living. The three or four good things in it are not sufficient to pull it through; it is silly at times, and only once in a while funny. Still it is so exquisitely done that it may do well on the road. Philadelphia has already taken to it much kinder than New York.

ERMINIE.

At the Casino the sparkling music, handsome costumes, shapely limbs, pretty faces and funnyisms of Francis Wilson have given Erminie a run which outdistances that of Nanon, Olivette or the Mascotte; it has been going every night for nine months to houses crowded back to the walls. Carleton and Drew will appear in this opera in Salt Lake shortly, so you will have an opportunity for yourselves of judging of the reasons for its popularity. Those two actors ought to make immense characters of the two thieves.

SARA BERNHARDT.

This inimitable actress—whose thinness, by the way, is all newspaper bosh—had the pleasure of seeing in Fedora, at the Star. Though she and all her company play in French, they draw an audience which jams the house every night at \$5 a head. Being acquainted with Fedora, we found a great deal of pleasure in following her rendition, and inasmuch as we were drawn into sharing the whirlwind of excitement which her acting causes. Her wail of grief over the dead body of her lover, though quietly done, produced a thrill such as we had never before experienced; and in the strong scenes, where she denounces the murderer, the enthusiasm broke beyond all bounds. During our stay in New York, Bernhardt gave a matinee of Fedora to all her brother and sister professionals. All the actors and actresses in the city turned out, and the scene that followed was a remarkable one. Handkerchiefs were waved, huzzas were shouted, and the enthusiasm quite took the form of a political convention rather than of a dramatic representation. Bernhardt goes west some time this summer.

THE LOUNGER'S RENDEZVOUS.

One of the pleasantest places in New York where one of a Bohemian turn can lounge away an hour is at Randall & Frohman's theatrical bureau on Broadway, upstairs, near Daly's Theatre. Here Alf Hayman, the New York lookout for the Baldwin Theatre, has a desk and here migrate towards noon of every day such lights as De Bellville, handsome Jack Barnes, clever Dave Blasco, Clay Greene, the author of M'iss and the Golden Giant, and a long concourse of actors looking for mail, hunting engagements, managers making up routes, filling vacancies, etc. Salt Lake is well remembered and well looked forward to by all the more notable, and your representative was the recipient of many kind courtesies and attentions during his several calls. Jimmy Harris is in the soda business—out of theatricals for the present.

B. B. Young is steadily making friends in the profession; we are told by a good many who should be authorities that "his time will come" if he will but stay here and work for it. No impersonation is more familiar to American theatre-goers than Edwin Booth's Hamlet, and certainly none of Shakespeare's creations has found an abler exponent than has the character of "the melancholy Dane" in this chief of tragedians. It is said that Booth sometimes loses interest in his own acting, which is not at all improbable, though his lapses are never so great but that he is always indisputably superior to those who nearest approach him in the excellence of his art. To read Hamlet is a treat; to hear it read by Booth is a study. The full weight of each phrase, the exact meaning of each sentence is brought out so clearly, revealing much that

was hidden or ill understood before, that even the student of Shakespeare is startled by the, to him, newly discovered wealth of meaning. True, Booth has not escaped criticism, and, until man is made perfect and actors cease to be human, there will always be room for criticism; but no critic has a keener understanding of this than has Booth himself. In a recent publication he uses this language: "In the main, tradition to the actor is as true as that which the sculptor perceives in Angelo, the painter in Raphael and the musician in Beethoven; all of these artists having light and sound to guide them. I, as an actor, know that I could sit in front of the stage and see myself at work. I would condemn much that has been lauded, and could correct many faults which I feel are mine and which escape the critic's notice. But I cannot see or hear my mistakes as can the sculptor, the painter, the writer and the musician. Tradition, if it be traced through pure channels and to the fountain head, leads one as near to Nature as can be followed by her servant, Art. Whatever Butterton, Quin, Barton, Garrick and Cooke gave to stagecraft, or as we now term it, business, they received from their predecessors, from Burbage, and perhaps from Shakespeare are himself, who though not distinguished as an actor, well knew what acting should be; what they inherited in this way they bequeathed in turn to their art, and we should not despise it. Kean knew without seeing Cooke, who in turn knew from Macklin, and so back to Betterton, just what to do and how to do it." Accepting this judgment of himself as correct, it is still indisputable that only death or insanity can rob him of his proud position at the top of his profession, the barrier which separates him from his rivals, slight as it may appear at times, being clearly insurmountable. Of Mr. Booth's supporting company, it can be said that they average well, and possess merit which is plainly discernible even in the dazzling presence of the star. Last night the Baldwin was again thronged to witness the production of "Othello," with Booth as the crafty Iago.—*Alta*.

Pity 'Tis 'Tis True.

Pity they apart must go,
Lillian Russell and Jarbeau,
Birds of charming feather;
Each a foil is to the other.
Angry passions they should smother,
Just to be together.
Hay's best made in sunny weather—
Beauty plump and large and fair,
Beauty which could stand a pace,
Leaving many a charm still there,
Beauty with the yellow hair,
Beauty, too, that doesn't care;
Lillian is nice.
Beauty of a darker race,
Hair of jet and leopard's grace,
Beauty with a mocking face,
Creature apt in any case,
On the stage to set the pace;
Jarbeau's not too.
Never parting should take place
Twixt the queen of hearts and ace.
But they'll go.
Comic opera troupes have trouble
Of the sort that can't be fixed.
And they're bound to sizz and bubble
Worse than Seidlitz powders mixed.
Ain't it so?

Notes

ALMA STUART STANLEY is touring the English provinces.

CARLETON played Oakland during a portion of last week.

GEORGE C. STALEY and Logan Paul are "at liberty" in California.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON, Sr., will soon have completed his fiftieth year of stage life.

HOYT'S LATEST SKIT, A Hole in the Ground, is hailed as a success in New York.

DIXEY is paralyzing the St. Louis theatre goers. He plays two weeks there, and then moves westward.

BELLE JACKSON, who has been a severe sufferer from nervous prostration for over a year past is rapidly regaining her health.

ROBSON and Crane open in Denver tomorrow evening. The Comedians of Errors, She Stoops to Conquer and Merry Wives of Windsor constitute the repertoire.

JIM THE PENMAN will be taken to Washington on Sunday, the 17th inst., for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. The invitation was extended by President Cleveland and others of note.

LEWIS MORRISON held the boards at the Alcazar last week. His company included Charles Edmonds, Rosabelle Morrison, Frank Mordant, Gustavus Levick, Fanny Young, Annie Adams and Eleanor Barry.

HARRY HEST, Roland Reed's manager sent the following reply to a statesman, who had applied for passes: "Would be pleased to comply with your request, but cannot do so on account of the inter-state commerce bill."

LOUIS JAMES and Marie Wainwright closed a most successful engagement at the Labor, Denver, last evening, producing during the week Virgilus, Hamlet, Much Ado About Nothing, Gretchen and Romeo and Juliet.

Mrs. LANGRISH's profits for the present season up to about a week ago, amounted to \$73,000; Edwin Booth will add \$100,000 to his bank account at the close of the season; A. M. Palmer will be \$75,000 richer from Jim the Penman, and Augustin Daly's Taming of the Shrew will bring that gentleman somewhere about the same amount.

ZITKA still floats, strange to say, and was on the boards at the Standard Theatre, St. Louis, last week. An exchange says "the play deals with Russian tyranny and exile to Siberia, together with the story of a woman's heroic devotion to her husband, whose pardon she secures and bears to him in his exile." This is certainly a mild way of putting it.

BOOTH CLOSED his San Francisco engagement last evening. Accompanied by several members of his company he will go to Monterey, remaining there several days. He plays San Jose on the 6th, Stockton on the 7th, Sacramento on the 8th and 9th, Salt Lake 12th to 16th, Cheyenne 19th to 23d, Omaha 25th to 27th, Kansas City, 28th to 30th. He will participate in the Poldock benefit in New York, May 10th.

Summer Complaints

Of children or adults are speedily cured by the use of the great Valley-Tan Remedy, known as Johnson's Essence of Life. Be sure and have a bottle in the house to use on the first attack. Only 50 cents. Sold by Z. U. M. I. and all druggists.

COUGH AWAY IF YOU WANT TO, but if not, use HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TANSY. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one Minute.

HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 50c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. M. DONELSON & CO.

Our Competitors are endeavoring to explain who asks the highest prices, but we are happy to say we are not in the ring.

There is still one Lowest Price. If you want it, purchase from our Spring Stock. Leading in quantity, quality and style.

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc. Pleasant surprises in every department.

True Merit in our Goods. Great Saving in our Prices.

It will pay you to come for every customer gets a Bargain.

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AUTHORS' CARNIVAL AND CONCERT!—AT THE—
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